withiu my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to vndo vs, Will you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastity' with rosemary and bayse. *Exit.*

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the paynedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars would you where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde receptacles, or common- shores of filth; serue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these-waies are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely deliner me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gaine by me, proclaime that, I can sing, weaue, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many schollers,

Boult But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the baseft groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lyes since my master and mistris hath boug but by their consent: therefore I wi with your purpose, and I doubt not table enough. Come, Ile do for the waies.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes and Into an honest house, our story saies; She sings like one immortall, and she As Goddesse-like to her admired laies Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with h Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, bran That euen her art, sisters the naturall Ro Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubie That puples lackes she none of noble r Who poure their bounty on her, and he She giues the curst Baud. Leaue we he And to her father turnd our thoughts a Where we left him at sea tumbled and And driuen before the winde, he is ariu Here where his daughter dwels, and on Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citt God *Neptune* annuall feast to keepe, fr *Lysimachus* our *Tyrian* ship espies, His banners sable, trimd with rich expe And to him in his Barge with feruour In your supposing, once more put you Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Bark Where what is done in action (more if Shall be discouered, please you sit and h

Enter Hellicanus with two S

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellica* Ohere he is Sir, there is the Barge put o is *Lysimachus* the Gouernor, who cra is your will?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)